

The Symphony Marches Forward

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/65724241) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/65724241>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Ratboy's Kingdom (Web Series)
Characters:	Fred (Galactic Superheroes) , Sue (Galactic Superheroes) , George (Galactic Superheroes)
Additional Tags:	Found Family , Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Family Drama , The Aftermath of Starship Genius 14: Epilogue , headcanons , POV Alternating , Emotional Hurt
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-05-20 Updated: 2025-10-05 Words: 4,979 Chapters: 2/8

The Symphony Marches Forward

by [RedRosella](#)

Summary

The universe is a musical symphony, and the creatures residing in its grasp were made of music, each adding its melody to the celestial chorus. Sue's voice was a guide to bring broken tunes back together, but a melody needed all of its parts. A symphony could not play without drums, the orchestra wouldn't march forward without the conductor, and a man could not be whole when his arms were somewhere in the galaxy far away, resonating the missing piece of its own song.

Despite all of her power, Sue could not fix this. The Galactic Superheroes— their family— was destroyed.

Snapshots of a life lived on the Red Planet. Fred, George, and Sue, once strong enough to brave the deadliest foes, are now broken beyond repair. Yet despite all reason and hope they still push forward, because they are family. Nothing will ever change that.

Notes

Ratboy Genius fanfic! I'm back baby! Last time I wrote for this fandom it was February 2019! Dear God time flies...

The Happyman Opera Finale absolutely killed me, and now I have too many headcanons about this disaster family that I need to share, so buckle up!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1: Celestial Chorus

The red planet was silent. There were few ambient sounds, only the crackling of the fire engulfing their once glorious spaceship and the sounds of George wandering around aimlessly, looking like the world was a puzzle and he was trying to connect the pieces together. Sue felt oddly detached from it all. Kind of like it was a dream.

And what a dream it would be. Just hours ago they were flying through space on the most important mission they'd ever faced, terrified it was going to go horribly wrong but full of life at the adventure that they spent their lives chasing as Galactic Superheroes. Now all that pent up energy and hope faded as reality set in. There was no getting out of this. Dread fought its way up into Sue's throat, and yet felt like it was happening to an entirely different person. Someone other than her that had to deal with this mess.

"SUE, DO SOMETHING!" Fred's scream cut through the fuzzy ocean Sue was wading through, her vision seeming to lag behind a few seconds as she tried to focus back in on him. Trying to get her bearings back on reality and feel her limbs once again was a process— In a flash the heat from the fire registered, and the ache in all of her limbs made itself known. The dread that had settled in her throat was actually her meager breakfast from earlier that day trying to make a reappearance, and it took all of her effort to keep it down.

At her silence, Fred only began to flash red faster, his rage building up so much it threatened to explode. Normally she knew how to fix that, to give him a few words as a soothing balm to his fiery temper, but this time there was nothing. What could she possibly say?

Sue was the older sister. She was supposed to fix everything, and yet she could only think of one thing, the simple fact ringing through her mind this whole time that refused to let her completely drift away.

"His arms..." Sue said aimlessly, eyes tracking George as he tried to look through the non-smoking wreckage of their ship, seemingly searching for something unknowable that a hidden part of his brain pushed him to look for.

"I don't care about his arms, fix his mind! He's the only one that knows how to fix the damn ship!"

The corners of Sue's mouth turned down as she robotically turned her head away finally to stare at her other brother. Fred had the wherewithal to shy back slightly at the waves of her emotion battering against his special sense.

She knew that wasn't the only thing Fred cared about. She was one of the few people in the galaxy who could understand why he was acting so callous, focusing on the one thing he could possibly control at that point. His deflective nature and complete inability to admit when he was scared meant he would lash out and blame everyone but himself so he wouldn't drown in his own guilt, and she knew that. But she couldn't handle it. Not right now.

"I don't think I can fix this Fred." Her voice rang hollow.

Desperation etched itself into his face. "You have to! That's what you're good for!" Fred froze after he spat the words out, but he didn't take them back. They stared at each other, silence echoing.

Oh to be anywhere but here in this moment. The siren song of removing herself from her body and these emotions was alluring, and yet her responsibility kept her firmly grounded in this awful reality. Because that's what she was good for, wasn't it? This was her job. If she couldn't do this, then what was all this for? If she couldn't save her brother, what was the point of her powers?

The staring contest ended, Fred a hollow winner as Sue turned towards her other brother. Her hands shook.

"George, can you come over here?"

Nothing— only the low murmur of collapsing metal and distant crackles of steel burning.

Sue cleared her throat. "That's you, the person looking through the space rubble right now."

Her brother turned around, head darting side to side like there would be anyone else around she could possibly be talking to before finally concluding that she had to be talking to him. He floated over, landing softly on the ground in front of her. Fred had already retreated away the second George started to move, wrapping his arms around himself as he stared from a distance, leaving Sue to deal with this.

"Yes?" George asked. He looked so lost and alone, and Sue resisted the urge to cup his face and place her forehead against his. Coming from a stranger, it would only add to his confusion, and she couldn't add more onto his burden just for her own creature comforts.

"I'm going to help you, I just need you to focus on me, okay? Just me and my song. Can you close your eyes?"

He slowly closed them, face scrunched up like it used to on the days he poured himself into solving a particularly difficult problem. The days he would spend on their ship calculating the most minute details of plans until they were perfect. Days she needed to get back.

Sue took a deep breath that ached in her lungs and opened her mouth, letting her song pour out. Her head left her body as her voice echoed through the cosmic ballet, resonating through the strings making up every living being and following their tune as it sung back at her. She navigated through the celestial chorus, following the melody strung along between connections until she reached George.

Her song reached into his brain, bouncing between the synapses and echoing a rhythm back at her as she gauged the pitch of his soul. His melody fired between the neurons of his brain, trying to link together with her song as a guide, but the refrain was incomplete. No matter how many loops it tried to go through to complete the tune that made up George, there was something missing. Notes out of place, jumbling together, rhythm faltering.

Beings were made up of music, of song. Sue's voice was a guide to bring things back together, but a melody needed all of its parts. A symphony could not play without drums, the orchestra wouldn't march forward without the conductor, and a man could not be whole when his arms were somewhere in the galaxy far away, resonating the missing piece of its own song.

It would be another thing if they had been destroyed. Their part in his song could be rearranged, sewn back together to create something new. But they were still beating in rhythm, and so the song tried to move forward, limping along as it stretched itself thin reaching between galaxies to desperately find its missing half.

There was no fixing George. Not without that missing piece.

For the first time in her life, Sue was powerless. But she already knew that when she started. She continued singing until her voice broke, and continued on even still. Perhaps she was hoping for a miracle, like back when she first met George. Back when they were all little kids, and she stood above his broken body that had taken its last breath moments before she realized she could bring people back to life with her song. A miracle like that just about now would be real helpful.

Fred couldn't understand. He wasn't one with the music like her, he just saw her as someone that could fix everything. As his older sister, she held all the answers. His song was rough edges, angry snare drums and guitar riffs punctuated by flares of emotions he struggled to keep ahold of. He felt so much that it burned through his music, distorting it until it was unrecognizable under the unregulated wave of his emotions.

Fred's power meant he felt the music in a different way. He could hear it clearer than she could, picking apart individual emotions that skipped between beats, constantly changing the tune in minute ways. He leached from the emotions of the people around him, feeling theirs and being unable to tell what was his and what was others. It was just as much of a curse as a power.

She remembered him as a child, crying himself to sleep as the noise was too loud to think. Eventually it became too much, and he shut himself off from the world just to keep himself sane. Yet he still kept that fire alive to help the universe, even if he couldn't bring himself to open up and connect with its struggles like he once could. It's what she loved about him, and hated all at once.

George's hold of the music was more personal than Fred and Sue's, being able to amplify his own song. It echoed through his muscles, powering them and letting him work through the fatigue. It raced through his brain, letting him think and process quicker than anyone else. The song was strong and loud, klangfarbenmelodie clear between the big booming pipe organs and the delicate harp strings. While not as obvious as Fred and Sue's, it was just as powerful, if not surpassing theirs in pure usefulness in superheroism. Yet he acted like it didn't even matter, like he was just an ordinary person helping out because it was the right thing to do. He was the essence of being a Galactic Superhero, something Fred and Sue could only hope to achieve.

That's why George was the core of their group, the one that held them all together. He balanced out both of them. Fred's staunch adherence to the rules, and Sue's flagrant disregard of them. Without George there was no Galactic Superheroes. There was just a broken family.

Sue's melody broke, and didn't continue.

"What are you doing? Keep going!" Fred's voice felt far away. She could vaguely see his colors flashing from a distance, could make out the smudged confusion of George's distorted features, but that was it.

Sue was in an ocean of her own, and she was drowning.

"I can't fix this. *I can't fix this.*"

Not George. Not them. Not their family.

Not when it mattered most.

Sue turned and ran.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

15 years ago, a family is forged.

Chapter Notes

I had this sitting in the backlogs for five months. Whoops. Enjoy a backstory chapter, next one hopefully coming out much sooner!

Fred curled up in a ball, trying to focus on the feeling of Sue's fingers tracing against his scalp instead of the waves of emotion singing through his body. Panic, pain, despair. Far greater than anything he'd felt in the last few years, its melody reaching him from somewhere across the cosmos. It all blended together into a cacophony that refused to let him do anything but listen.

"It's okay Fred. Just focus on my voice." Sue's green hair swept in front of her face as she stooped down to speak to him.

"How am I supposed to focus when I can't even think!" He screeched, pushing her away from his bed and flat on her back. A stab of regret panged through him, but it was hard to tell whose it was. Surely he felt bad for hurting her, right? But how could he be sure what was him and what wasn't? "Sorry," he muttered.

Sue frowned, dusting herself off before letting herself float back up. She opened her mouth as her face twisted in anger, but closed it after a second, thinking better of herself. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and let it out. Fred could feel her emotions that previously were a pounding staccato even out in a display of control he couldn't help but feel jealous of.

"You feel better when you do things, right?" She suggested. "Maybe if we find whoever is hurting this much, we can fix it!"

"And how do you suggest we do that? I don't even know where it's coming from! It could be anywhere in the galaxy!"

"Well... we could take a look at the communication orb and see if the Galactic Superheroes reported anything." Sue looked off to the side innocently, swishing her skirt.

"Wha- No! You know what happened the last time you broke into Admiral's office! We both got grounded for weeks! I'm not going to lose dessert privileges just so we can, what, run off to play superheroes? That's ridiculous!"

Fred was going to lose his dessert privileges because Sue decided they should run off and play superheroes.

Let it be put on the record that he absolutely did not agree with this plan of action and he would rather be in his bed right now away from everything, but Sue was... persuasive. She might act like an innocent young girl, but Fred knew that under that sweet smile was a mischievous streak a mile long! She was a menace, and Fred could do nothing but be swept under by her crazy ideas.

Sue floated along down the hall, careful to not let her feet touch the ground and make any noise. Fred was less lucky, cringing at every creaking floorboard under his feet as they made their way to the one object that could give them a clue about the waves of emotion still plaguing Fred's mind- only calmed down by the fact that he was doing something about it.

Admiral Creepy Creature's office was tucked in the back of their orphanage, filled with all kinds of relics from back in his tenure as a Galactic Superhero. The prize of his collection though was the official Galactic Superheroes Communication Orb, able to broadcast the goings-on of every official mission undertaken by the heroic group to request backup, provide status updates, and keep a solid line of communication across the galaxy. Occasionally the Admiral himself would dust off his old uniform if he caught sight of something on it that he was uniquely suited for- usually involving children. Despite his unfortunate name and similar stature- a large oxen creature with a stare that could cut through glass and a gruff voice to match- he was actually a sweetheart that could coax out even the most scared of children and calm them down. It was why when he retired he'd dedicated his time to opening an orphanage. That same orphanage that Fred and Sue found themselves in, and were now sneaking around under the cover of night.

Soon enough they were at the orb, with Sue swiping her spindly fingers across the ball to access the different channels. Different scenes popped up for a few seconds, cycling through different heroes. There was even Captain Funny Buddy! Sue paused on him for a few seconds, letting Fred stare at who she knew was his favorite.

Without The Captain, Fred never would have wanted to become a Galactic Superhero. He wouldn't even be here right now. Four years ago, back when he was six years old, he felt like his powers could be anything but useful. All they did was flood him with all these feelings he couldn't begin to process, and cause him to hurt everyone around him. No one wanted to be his friend, and not even his own parents wanted to deal with it anymore.

Yet when The Captain sat down on the stoop of the GSH Headquarters his parents had 'forgotten' him on and listened to him talk about everything bothering him, suddenly the burden didn't feel quite so heavy. A few calls, and soon he was placed in a home run by The Captain's old squadmate, with a promise to come back and visit him soon.

Soon was relative. They were a busy hero, their gelatinous form allowed them to tank any attack without injury, so of course they were needed in many different places and couldn't just come to the orphanage whenever! Thus, Fred clearly needed to become a Galactic Hero to meet them again. Sue promised him that they'd become their own squad where they could help people in the same way Fred was saved, and then he wouldn't have to be powerless in the face of the emotions when he could jump right in to save them!

Fred knew in that moment he was doing the right thing. Sure, they were breaking some rules, and Fred hated when people didn't follow the rules, but... Sometimes superheroes had to bend them a little bit, right? To save people?

Just as he thought that, Sue swiped over to a gruesome scene.

Her fingers curled back as they took in the sight of a town razed to the ground. Endless swaths of land burning, women and children huddled together, townspeople weeping at the loss of their homes. A great dragon slain in front of the destruction, body torn to pieces. Galactic Superheroes were rushing around, evacuating citizens from the wreckage and trying to douse the fire. Their efforts were clearly failing, the devastation far too vast to quantify.

And at the center of it all, there was a purple body. He was so tiny against the destruction that he wouldn't have even been noticeable if it weren't for the fact that there were several heroes surrounding him, one of the trying desperately to keep the medical instruments attached to him working. The heartbeat monitor was dangerously low, the beat of his soul petering out. The beat of this kid, no more than seven years old, about to be cut dangerously short.

Fred's music screeched. Pinch harmonics on a guitar screaming out, begging him to save this kid. It was the most important thing in the universe.

"We need to get there right now." His voice was deadly serious. One look at Sue and he could tell she felt the same thing. She blinked the tears out of her eyes, a determined look settling over her. Floating up, up, until she reached above a cabinet tucked into the corner of the room. Her hand swiped across the top until her fingers grabbed onto a key ring. Looped onto it was a key fob, studded with stars that glistened under the dim lights.

"Addy's been teaching me to fly the Star Skipper. I can get us there."

"He's going to be so mad..." The part of Fred that needed to obey the rules broke through the determination to find this kid.

"Let him. Sometimes superheroes have to make sacrifices for the greater good."

Fred nodded. "Alright. Let's do this."

So, when Sue said she was being taught to fly the Star Skipper, she was being a little bit generous. Apparently being taught meant she had a few lessons where Admiral Creepy Creature was behind the wheel and she was observing, and one lesson where he let her use the controls in low orbit around their planet. Not, in fact, to traverse through a few solar systems to get to a far away galaxy!

Two seat belts and a panicked grip on the arm rests that surely left cracks later, and they were landed- if you could call their plummet to the earth a landing.

"We made it!"

"I'm never listening to you again," Fred grit out, still not releasing his grip. "When we become heroes, I'm piloting the ship!"

"When we become heroes? We're being heroes right now, come on!"

She pulled him away from the safety of his seat belts, tugging him until his legs stopped feeling like jelly. Outside there were already a few Galactic Superheroes gathering around, muttering about the sudden crash landing of a new ship and debating what to do. Sue ignored them all, grabbing Fred and floating out the window.

"SUE!"

"They'll just stop us! We need to get there right now!"

It was only the shrieking of the kid's song getting even louder that stopped Fred from protesting more. He thought it was bad just back in his room, but nothing could compare to right now, feeling him so desperately calling out for help.

"He's over there!" Fred called out.

It only took a few minutes to float over, but the cacophony in his ears made each second feel like an eternity. Only when they touched down on the ground did the sound resolve to a low hum. His celestial chorus rung its final note as the heart monitor hummed its single tone.

There, right in front of them, lay the body of the kid they saw on the orb. He was even tinier in person, four arms curled up around him gone slack. People were whispering about how somebody named George had supposedly defeated the dragon, sacrificing himself in the process, but they must have been referring to someone else. This little kid in front of him couldn't be that 'George', that was preposterous.

But did it really matter? They were too late. He was already dead.

Even though he was only ten years old, Fred understood death. If only they were a little faster, if only he was a little less indecisive... Maybe they could have done something. But really, what could they do? They were just kids too. This whole quest was just some foolish

flight of fancy, a dream of being superheroes that was crumbling to dust in front of his eyes. His powers were useless when all he could do was stare at the body of someone he so desperately wanted to save, their song no longer reaching his soul.

For the first time in years, Fred cried and knew that the tears dripping down his face were his own.

No one noticed Fred and Sue standing there, far too preoccupied by the child who had just died, medical personnel trying desperately to revive him. It was only when Sue stepped forward that someone finally spoke up.

"Hey, you can't be here! Authorized personnel only!"

Sue shook her head, only having eyes for George. Fred reached forward, grabbing her hand to stop her. "Sue, stop! It's over. We failed."

Sue stared back at him, eyes glistening with unwept tears. She ripped her hand from his grip, and continued forward. Another man came forward to try to divert her away, but he stopped in his tracks as her hands clasped together and she began to sing.

Sue's head disconnected from her body, those around her flinching back in disgust. This gave her an opening to continue through, gliding forward until she reached the body of George. His entire form began to glow, the melody racing through the limp form of the child that once was in front of them. Slowly, it lifted up into the air.

She sang.

The songs of each person standing back as she spun the threads of music together lent their instruments, their own melodies creating a backing track for her to continue pushing forward. Tears dripped down her face, voice breaking under the effort.

The wounds that littered George's body stitched had back together by the musical thread, but it wasn't enough. His song still did not return.

Fred stepped forward. His own music was weak, something he himself struggled to hear, but he gave it to her. He sung along, channeling everything he had into the harmonization without words. The songs of everyone he had ever listen to before buoyed him, channeling every bit of hope he had felt into one final note.

The body of George floated back down to the ground, into the arms of Sue.

For one breathless second there was nothing, and then-

A gasp. George breathed life back into his lungs, music crescendoing through the loud bang of a gong, surging forth with renewed fury.

The gasps and cheers and questions of the people around them were drowned out in Fred's ears as all he stepped forward, kneeling down next to his sister and the child.

"Fred... Grab his hand." A smile stretched across Sue's face.

He stepped forward, clasping onto one of the hands, soft just as any child's should be, and felt it.

This was his brother.

When Fred was first placed into the orphanage, he had hid. Curled up into a little ball and refused to interact with any of the other kids because they were all snot nosed brats who would just hate him like everyone else in the end.

Admiral Creepy Creature was in his little office talking on his phone secretly, but the doofus didn't realize his room was a far cry from soundproof. Through the walls Fred could hear everything, and only curled up tighter.

"We might have to transfer him somewhere else... No, I don't want to, but he's not doing well here... I think he needs something more than even I can give him. Well, we can try-"

Fred wanted to hear the rest, but the voice was drowned out by a new one.

"I know he seems real scary, but I promise he's not."

Fred's head peaked out of his ball, pointing towards a small girl, maybe about eight. Her head was slightly detached from her body, green hair spread out behind her like a halo. He had seen her a few times before in passing, always trailing after the Admiral like a puppy.

"What do you know?" He spat back, hoping the vitriol would be enough to get her to scamper away back to the Admiral and tell him to give up on Fred altogether.

"Well he's only raised me since I was a baby!" The girl laughed instead. "I think I'd know him better than anyone! Addy can be a lot, but he only wants the best. He's trying real hard to find a good place for you, but I think you'd be perfect here if you just gave it a chance! You have powers, right? I do as well, I can heal people. I heard you can feel their emotions, that's so cool!"

She kept blabbering on, asking questions and not even waiting for an answer before continuing. By the time she got through her whole backstory- abandoned as a baby, picked up by a newly retired Admiral Creepy Creature and inspiring him to start an orphanage, raised since birth to be the next big hero- Fred wanted to punch a wall. How lucky for her, everything in her life seemed so perfect! Why was she even bothering him?

"Do you want to be one too?" Fred flinched. Huh? "A superhero! Do you want to be one too?"

Fred stared. "Why do you care?" He turned away from her, unable to channel the previous anger into his voice but not wanting to entertain this any further. She'd get bored soon

enough.

"Because I bet he'll teach you! I can ask him about it. Y'know, he said one day he's gonna teach me how to fly the Star Skipper, and when he does the two of us can form our own squad! No one else here has powers- at least not that we know of. Addy didn't realize I had them until a few years ago- it gave him quite a shock, you should've seen his face- so it could happen to someone else too! But for now it's just the two of us, so we gotta stick together. Fred and Sue, the newest Galactic Superheroes! Gotta ring to it, right? Whaddaya say?"

She held a hand out to him, flashing a grin with a single front one tooth missing. A team.... together? After he had been nothing but dismissive of her, she still wanted to give him a chance? To be a hero with him?

In that moment, Fred had a choice. He could stay like this, stuck in a cycle of hating the world and hating himself, or he could take a chance. Reach out and make himself vulnerable to this girl he had only just met, who he couldn't even begin to trust. Yet her song spoke of pure earnestness, a desire to help that rung across her entire being and spoke softly in his ear.

He reached out.

As their hands touched, it was like their orchestra gained another instrument, a missing piece slotted together. Their powers resonated against each other, and for the first time in years, Fred felt... calm.

"Our powers are the same! You can hear the song!" Sue gasped. "You know what that means?" Fred shook his head. "You're my brother! I've always wanted a brother!"

Just like that, he'd gained a sister.

That same connection he felt with Sue all those years ago resonated between the three of them. Without even realizing it, his powers had led him to his new brother.

Guess they were good for something after all.

Fred felt complete, like the final piece of their puzzle had snapped into place. He just hoped this George wasn't an annoying little brother and was worth all this trouble, because he didn't think he could handle any more stress after a day like this.

From then on it was a whirlwind of activity as the flabbergasted masses collected themselves, superheroes came by the get statements, and the medics checked out George in Sue's arms- she refused to let him go for one second.

It only took an hour for Admiral Creepy Creature to show up, summoned by one of the heroes. He simply stood in front of them, and Fred felt himself shrink back. No matter how much he knew Admiral was a softy, he was still, well, a creepy creature.

"We can explain!" Fred quickly waved his hands.

"We saved his life! If we weren't here, he would be dead, so you can't be too mad! We saved the day, just like you taught me to growing up! So really, it's all your fault!" Sue said proudly.

Oh, they were so screwed.

They didn't get dessert for three whole months.

George was really annoying.

Fred loved him anyway.

End Notes

Next chapter we get into my musings about how Fred George and Sue met, in a small orphanage on the other side of the galaxy!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!